

JANUARY 1937

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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Selected by

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The Massachusetts Society
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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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January, 1937

No. 1

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! This seems, from time immemorial, to be the customary thing to say as each new year takes up the story the old has left unfinished. We are glad to say it to all our readers. Hope and cheer and a kindly wish are in these words of friendly greeting. It may not be to all a Happy New Year, but that it may be is our heartfelt wish.

When the Governor of Yalova, Turkey, forbids the transporting of all fowl with feet tied and decrees that on steamers fowl must be kept in crates and not tied in bundles, one must know that a better day for animals is dawning in that land of rapid changes.

The regrettable experiences through which the League of Nations has been passing seem to have held up any possible steps that might have been taken by that body to spur on the Maritime Powers of the world to take joint action against the destruction of millions of our sea fowl annually doomed to a lingering death in the coastal waters made fatal to these birds by the discharge into them of refuse oil from oil burning ships.

Those who have been interested in the story of the marvelous sparrows that followed Commander and Mrs. Holton to China will be pleased to know that we have just received two letters, one from Mr. Toler, a gentleman in China who for the past year and a half has been installing equipment for the Combustion Engineering Company of New York, confirming the details of that story by his own personal visit to Commander and Mrs. Holton; the other from Mr. Gordon R. Jones from Chungking who has also seen the birds and sent an article to the Associated Press relative to them.

Why They Need Us

WE are thinking at the moment not of our human fellow mortals who need us, but of those other children of Life's great Mother, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, these countless millions who for long eons of time have dwelt with us on this round earth. Were they made just to serve us? Have we a right to use them at our pleasure, no matter what that may mean of pain or suffering to them? Or may they have come with us into the joy and sorrow, the comedy and tragedy of this world to share with us life's toil and burdens and whatever of gladness earth has to give, the sun and the rain, the fellowship of their kind, the satisfaction of hunger relieved, the sleep that is rest and peace? Was the Great Giver of life thinking of their well-being as well as of ours when He planned through the long process of creation to form every beast of the field and every fowl of the air and blessed them? Must not all kindly hearted and thoughtful people believe this last is true?

They need us because from the days when our far-off ancestors stole from their caves with club in hand to kill beast and bird for food, to this very hour beast and bird, in number like the stars in heaven, have met a death, with few exceptions, needlessly cruel and inhumane. Millions daily eat their flesh with never a thought of how they die, with no vision of their frightened eyes as they are driven toward the blood-stained floors of the slaughter-house. Few cry out against these cruelties that make for them the house of death a chamber of horrors. They need our voice to plead for a painless death, above all the voices of those for whom their lives are sacrificed.

They need us because of those who, through forests and by stream, or on lake and sea go forth to hunt and kill them, not because need or hunger bids the hunter kill them but because he loves the sport of hunting. Some 7,000,000 such men and boys, like an army with banners, march

forth year by year armed with shotgun and rifle.

They need us because of what death means to them when, caught in the savage grip of the iron trap, they have only to struggle in torment and die, or wait in suffering the trapper's fatal blow. And this, not because they have wronged the trapper, but because someone who will never think of that bitter cry in the wild when the jaws of the trap closed upon its victim, may wrap about her the skin torn from its dead body. The wearer of the fur is by far the guiltier of the two. We have some sympathy with the trapper born where trapping has been for him and his fathers the chief means of livelihood, and who has never had the training that has made him sensitive to what the vice of the steel trap may mean to the helpless sufferers. Less his the blame than that of those who demand his trade.

Needed by us, too, those countless beasts of burden, horses, mules, donkeys which still in many lands are overladen, great numbers driven to their tasks no matter how raw the flesh beneath the load or how lame the weary legs. Few such we may see among us today in lands like ours in comparison with earlier days but in many a land they wait and wait the coming of a better day.

And those lost, stray, homeless, diseased, pitiful small animals, the cats that by hundreds of thousands roam the back streets and alleys of our cities need us. Living on little but refuse for the most part, starving often, and always frightened, and multiplying rapidly in spite of their wretched lot, who shall care for them, gather them up, give the saddest of them a painless death and find for some a welcome home? Who shall do this? Who are doing it? Our humane societies. So, because these need the humane societies, the humane societies need the friends who make them possible.

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12—17, 1937.

Hill Hunter

CLAUDE WEIMER

*Waiting in ambush and following trails,
Over the hills I seek my fun,
Hunting for squirrels, rabbits, and quails—
I am a hunter without a gun.*

*Ducks on the water, geese on the wing,
Deer in the forest, wild and free!
Summer and winter, fall and spring,
All are open seasons to me.*

*I do not kill and I do not maim
And I do not harm with trap or rope,
But I hunt the hills and I bag my game
With a camera and a telescope.*

Early Winter

JOHN RITCHIEY

*The fox is holed, the fickle birds
Have fled the North with winter words.*

*The snow that flickers in the air
Clings to the velvet-coated hare.*

*The squirrel investigates each tree
To find his hidden largesse.*

*And slow among the frozen stalks
The young deer clothed in beauty walks.*

JACK LONDON SAID:

"Let all humans inform themselves of the inevitable and eternal cruelty by the means of which only can animals be compelled to perform before revenue-paying audiences. Show the management that such turns are unpopular, and in a day, in an instant, the management will cease catering such turns to its audiences."

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Death Valley's Animal Life

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

LAND of bleak desolation is California's sun-baked Death Valley. The combined heat and dryness of this region is the most extreme of any part of the world in which systematic records have ever been kept.

Travel in Death Valley in the summer time is not recommended, particularly by those who have knowledge of the scorching, blistering heat that fills this below-sea-level depression.

It is a natural supposition that this valley is devoid of all life when the summer heat reaches furnace-like proportions. But, strangely enough, Death Valley has an abundant plant and animal life that actually thrives on the desert heat and aridity.

Here, in this valley of sun-baked rock and sand, lives a species of mountain sheep. These animals are closely related to the Rocky Mountain variety whose natural habitat is high above the timber line. These valley sheep look very much like their mountain cousins, and live entirely on the plants of the desert. They roam the entire valley, but are most frequently seen flocking around the far-scattered watering places.

How did these mountain sheep, accustomed at some time or other to the highest altitudes of the Rockies, stray into a region that is 270 feet below sea level? No one knows the answer to that puzzling question. Nor is it at all possible to compute just when their ancestors migrated from their chill mountain peaks into this sun-scorched valley. That is a problem for naturalists and scientists to ponder.

Whatever the answer, the fact remains that the Death Valley sheep are both healthy and virile in their strange home. Clothed by nature in shaggy wool to protect them from the chill mountain winds and driving snowstorms of the Rockies, they have long since adapted themselves to the heat and dryness that here represents the opposite extreme of the thermometer.

The sheep share the desert with two equally strange companions, both of a considerably smaller breed. One is the tiny

pocket mouse. The other is the kangaroo rat which, like its big brothers the kangaroo and wallaby, can travel with equal facility on two or four legs.

Both these rodents are common in Death Valley. Those who have studied their habits believe that they exist chiefly on plant seeds and never touch water. That in itself is an oddity of nature no less strange than the migration of mountain sheep into the lowest region in continental United States.

A Reformed Hunter

HENRY H. GRAHAM

ONE day during the deer hunting season I stopped at a little mountain service station for gasoline. Another motorist was being served at the same time.

"Going after your deer this year, Ed?" the attendant asked a young man who was driving.

"No," he replied firmly. "I don't get any kick out of that sort of thing any more."

"But I thought you were such an inveterate hunter," persisted the attendant. "This is the first season you've missed going, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the answer. "From now on I'm through pulling triggers."

The gas dispenser looked inquiringly at the young man, who explained his change of heart with these words:

"An experience of last fall cured me of hunting. A beautiful stag bounded out of a grove of quaking aspens. He was a magnificent fellow with a remarkable head. I could picture that head on my office wall. My first shot fatally wounded him. The animal plunged to earth within a hundred yards. When I went over to finish him I almost cried. He looked up at me so helplessly as if to say, 'Is this any way to treat a friend?'

"Mercifully I put the creature out of his misery because that was the only humane thing to do. But I'll never hunt again. Furthermore, that magnificent head doesn't hang on my office wall. I gave it away. Somehow I couldn't bear to have that head looking down at me all day long to remind me of my cruelty."

"Boy-like, my two youngsters are crazy about guns. But by the time they're old enough to shoot they won't want to, I'm sure. I'm working on them now and am positive that they'll turn into wild life protectors instead of killers."

"You used to be an ardent duck shooter?" reminded the attendant. "Have you given that sport up, too?"

"Yes," was the reply. "In the first place, it isn't sport. Killing never is sport to me. Two years ago I winged a beautiful mallard drake, which catapulted into the water out of gunshot range. The creature swam for mid-lake, its lovely green head flashing in the November sunlight. I couldn't help thinking of the physical torture suffered by that bird. And I've never hunted ducks since."

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.



KADIAK BEAR (left) AND BLACK BEAR (right)

The Alaskan and Yukon Sledge Dogs

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER, former Governor of Maine

CONTRARY to the somewhat general impression regarding the alleged fierceness of Arctic sledge-dogs, these hardy animals, when properly fed and kindly cared for, are both gentle and affectionate. They are fine, noble creatures, and they serve their masters willingly and faithfully even unto death. Their lives are comparatively brief for few of them survive to work more than six or seven years.

The Alaskan and Yukon dog teams when not in use are kept confined, for if allowed to roam the open country in packs or even singly they soon might drive away the moose, caribou and all other game, and on this game the white man and Indian depend for their meat and fur. For weeks and even months, during both winter and summer, most of these dogs are tied to stakes or trees out in the open. In a very few instances some of the dogs are provided with individual small log cabins or shacks, and this seems reasonably humane, but most of the animals endure the summer heat and winter cold without any shelter whatsoever. It is not surprising that under such conditions dogs at times become high-strung and irritable. In several villages, however, I saw individual sledge-dogs going freely about and very friendly, and these



SLEDGE DOG OF THE CANADIAN ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE OF YUKON TERRITORY



THOROUGHBRED SIBERIAN

evidently had been taught to stay at home and consequently were enjoying complete freedom.

On my recent visit to the far North I frequently walked calmly up to these rugged creatures as they pulled at their chains and talked quietly to them while many of them voluntarily gave me a good "paw-shake." When they see a friendly man approaching, even though he be a stranger, they jump and tug at their chains, wagging their tails and barking furiously. This, of course, may frighten some people, but not those who understand canine character and canine sign language. I also made the acquaintance of many puppies along the Yukon River and they were the softest, fattest, roly-poly dog babies I ever saw.

The finest dog teams were those of the Superintendent of Mt. McKinley National Park in Alaska and of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Yukon territory. These dogs were great tawny creatures, some striped with black and gray showing strains of their wolf ancestry, the largest weighing as much as 120 pounds. The Siberians were somewhat smaller with pure white coats and well-modeled features. The Mt. McKinley Park dogs were the only ones that I saw that were not chained, for each lived in his own small wire-enclosed yard that had a little log cabin in the rear with a wooden platform as a floor for the dog to lie on. Certainly these huskies were highly favored and showed their appreciation for their privileges.

The Arctic dogs are indiscriminately called huskies, malemutes and Siberians, but they are much mixed in breed and color. As I understand it, the huskies were the original breed of the North, perhaps descended from the wolf and coyote of ages ago, while the malemutes are of mixed ancestry, the offspring of the huskies and domestic dogs that were bred together. One often sees the distinct characteristics of the Belgian, shepherds or so-called police dogs

cropping out in these animals and occasionally the strains of the mastiff and St. Bernard are noticeable. The Siberians seem to have the purest ancestry, and as I have said, are distinguished because of their white coats, smaller size and sharper features. All of these breeds are faithful servants of man.

The sledge teams average from seven to nine in a team. They are harnessed two abreast, with the most intelligent and experienced dog as the leader. Occasionally, however, if the trail is heavy, a team may have as many as fifteen or sixteen dogs. When there is no snow on the ground the dogs are used as pack animals, carrying food, kitchen utensils, clothing and other necessities for their masters. All they ask for their services is a little coarse food once a day (some dogs when not working are fed but once in two days) and a place to sleep, whether it be in the snow at temperatures often 60° below zero or on the moss or bare ground in the heat of summer. The temperature of Central and Northern Alaska last winter touched 68° below zero and notwithstanding this terrific cold these dogs remained out doors, tied to their stakes and covered with snow.

In one especially fine team I saw a large 125-pound dog, but his coat of hair was very



ALASKAN TEAM DOG



YUKON MALEMUTE

short and fine, showing his domestic ancestry. His master, upon being questioned, told me that this was his best dog and the leader of his team. When I inquired how such a dog stood the severe weather, he replied that when the thermometer reached 40° below or lower he took this particular dog into his tent or cabin because the dog could not stand the lowest sub-zero temperature.

The white men's dogs, as I saw them in British Columbia, the Yukon territory and Alaska, are at least given some care, according as the owner is kind-hearted or otherwise, but the dogs owned by the Indians are in a deplorable condition. Half fed, tied to stakes with short ropes that become twisted about the stakes or trees, huddled in holes in the earth which they dig in order to obtain some protection from the cold, the sun and insects, these neglected creatures lead miserable lives. They share the primitive existence and the hardships of their masters. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol British Columbia and the Yukon often are obliged to take the law into their own hands and mercifully destroy dogs that have become emaciated from starvation or enfeebled by old age.



NOME SLEDGE DOG

Regardless of the rapid development of airplane routes in the Arctic and of the construction of roads, these sledge dogs for an indefinite period to come, will do the rough work on the trails of the northern countries. The lives of the trappers, mail-carriers, prospectors and the police often depend upon the strength and intelligence of these fearless and trusted servants of man.

A Pet Dog in the Woods

THIS is a true story and we want you to hear it because we think it is remarkable and because it may encourage someone else, losing a little dog, not to give up hope of recovering it too easily.

The dog of which we write is a Belgian Griffon, about seven pounds in weight, and nearly eight years old. He is very nervous and timid, and had never been far from his mother's side in his life. He had been a poor feeder too, often having to be coaxed to eat and even fed by hand. You will say he was spoiled; perhaps so, but so affectionate and devoted that his owner loved him dearly.

Well, one evening last summer—July 11 to be exact, the car in which he was riding was in an accident. In the excitement, little "Gosse" jumped out and darted into the woods. The place was in the cranberry bog district, among ponds and pine woods. A wild section, with few inhabitants. The next day a great search was begun, many people from the neighborhood of Duxbury, Kingston and even Plymouth, took part, some to win the reward, some to restore the dog to its grieving mistress. During the next three weeks, he was seen a number of times, but was too wild to approach. Probably the searchers had frightened him. Everything that could be thought of was done, food put near a cabin where he spent the first night, calling him through the wood, even having a Canadian woodsman search for miles through the underbrush and bogs. A lady, whose husband owns the bogs in that section, asked their gangs of workmen to throw out scraps of food from their midday meal. This probably kept the dog alive through August, but he was not seen again for a month, and all hope of getting him alive was abandoned.

Then, on September 4, two men, walking through the woods, suddenly spied poor "Gosse," standing, trembling, in an opening. They said he was a mere skeleton, but ran off when they called him.

That night the lady began putting out food again, and Alfred, who lives in the cabin, began baiting a trap. The trap was a dog kennel baited with meat. First a skunk was caught. It became so tame that it ran into the trap constantly, and he had to catch and confine it. Then a kitten was caught and then a big striped cat. Meanwhile Alfred had the impression that something was sleeping in his shed, for there was a little depression, like a nest, in a box of hay which stood there. Whatever the visitor was it must have come late and left early, for he never saw it. But he had seen the little wraith of a dog in the woods twice, so he kept on baiting his trap nightly. Finally, one night, he heard a noise and



BELGIAN GRIFFON

ran out only to see the dog dash out of the trap! The door had not closed tightly enough to hold him. A dreadful disappointment, as you can imagine. That night the trap was baited with freshly cooked liver. At eleven o'clock the trapdoor fell, and little "Gosse" was inside! This was October 11. He had been lost in the woods for almost three months!

Strangely enough, the little fellow seemed thankful to be under a roof once more, though little more than a skeleton, he jumped on the bed and slept there quietly.

Next morning the dog's owner was notified. The meeting between them was touching to see. He screamed with joy when he heard her voice, jumped in her arms and licked her face. When she got up he seized her skirt in his mouth, fearful, probably, of losing her again.

This is a true story, unusual, and almost impossible as it seems, yet there is so much more we can only guess at. What fright this tiny creature—unused to any privation or exposure—must have suffered. Hunger, fear of thunder storms, of wild animals, and big dogs, in those lonely bogs and woods.

It seems miraculous that he could have survived, and we are very grateful to the kind Providence that protected him and restored him to us—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." Matt. 10-29.

ALICE THORPE

Cherry Hill, Canton, Mass.

King of His Corner

WILLIS MEHANNA

The kingbird is an aristocrat in appearance and behavior; a bird of class and dignified in manner. He comes north later in spring than most of the feathered tribe but stays till about October first. Kingbirds like to nest in the tops of large apple-trees, maples and cedars. They lay four or five whitish-like eggs with black, hieroglyphic markings on them, and are usually successful in bringing their young to maturity. This bird will chase birds much larger than himself away from his domain; sometimes following them great distances, fighting and harassing them till they are glad to get away. They always nest near dwelling-houses. The kingbird's notes of defiance scare away marauding hawks that do not like to be seen very much. Webworms, caterpillars and all sorts of insect pests furnish food for the kingbird. He was at one time accused of eating honey bees but he does nothing of the kind. He never bothers fruits or grain. He belongs in the setting of a farm home.

Feeding and Attracting Winter Birds

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

THE birds lead an easy care-free life during the spring, summer and autumn, much of the time roaming wherever their fancies and appetites lead them. The situation is different in winter, because they then must live where food is to be had. Those that brave the cold and snow of December, January and February live where they are able to find food in abundance and of the kind they like. Tree sparrows, goldfinches and juncos roam from one patch of weeds to another, frequent fence rows, waste places and thickets, gleaning a living of weed seeds. You will not find them in deep woods, close-cropped pastures, and fields and meadows where there are no weeds. The cardinal, cedar waxwing, robin and some other birds live where they are sure of a supply of wild berries; the red-headed woodpecker lives in oak groves, where acorns are abundant; and the bobwhite frequents fields, pastures and open woods, especially if these contain corn shocks, waste grain, hay stacks, and oaks or other nut trees.

Some birds—woodpeckers, creepers and nuthatches—live entirely upon insects and other small creatures they find about the trunks and branches of trees. Old, dead, hollow and partly decayed trees and stubs are better adapted to the needs of these birds than young, healthy ones. Not long ago the writer passed an old elm that had a large hollow branch, and though it was mid-winter, he found four species of birds in its top, sputtering and quarreling for possession of the old branch. All of them wished to gain possession of it because it would furnish them with sleeping quarters, perhaps, and part or all of their food supply. Only the birds knew how snug the old, hollow branch was on a cold winter night and what insects and other treasures it held. Three of the birds habitually get some, or a good share, of their food from just such trees—the brown creeper, downy woodpecker and chickadee—and nest and spend the nights in holes in them.

Winter birds, then, are attracted by trees, young healthy ones, to be sure, but also old, hollow ones with dead tops and branches. Actually, the older and more crippled a tree, the better it is for attracting birds. Trees, bushes and vines that produce berries, especially if the berries cling to them until winter, are valuable; trees like the hackberry and mountain ash and vines like the wild grape and Virginia Creeper. Wood-piles and places where wood is cut and split are often visited, since most woods harbor grubs, beetles, ants and other creatures that fall to the ground when the cutting and splitting is done. Sheltered nooks about buildings, garbage cans, corn shocks, straw-and hay-stacks, thickets, wind-breaks and hedges also are inspected. Bare spots of ground attract many birds in winter, because there they are able to find weed seeds, acorns and other food. Tall plants like corn stalks, sunflowers, mullein and lamb's-quarters yield many a meal. And a discarded Christmas tree set in the snow and provided with dainties will not be overlooked. It follows, then, that shoveling the snow from a patch of ground, and keeping it supplied with food, planting trees, bushes, vines and sunflowers, and retaining and not trimming your old trees too carefully, are all effective ways of attracting winter birds.

However, the most popular way of attracting winter birds is to make and set out food trays, shelves and shelters for them. Some birds live almost entirely on weed seeds in winter, while others live on animal foods. The junco and tree sparrow are good examples of the former, and the downy woodpecker and nuthatch of the latter. Offer the former rolled oats, bread crumbs, seeds and cracked grain, and the latter suet and meat scraps. Without a doubt the best foods to offer winter birds are suet and oatmeal, because both are cheap, easily secured and nourishing. You can keep large numbers of birds happy and contented all winter long by seeing that they are well supplied with these simple foods.

However, the birds are not hard to please and may be offered almost anything we have at hand for which we have no other use.

There are many devices, some elaborate, others simple, which may be made and set out for feeding the birds, but a simple food tray is all that is required. Secure a board a foot square, nail pieces of lath about it for a rim, fasten a suet stick ten inches long to one corner, and you have a serviceable food tray. This tray may be fastened to a window-ledge, the top of a post, or the branch of a tree. Spread the rolled oats on the tray. The suet may be ground or crumbled and mixed with the rolled oats, or a large piece may be tied securely to the suet stick or enclosed in a wire mesh.

In the Hospital

Because on the branch that is tapping my pane

*A sun-wakened leaf-bud, uncurled,
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain,*

I know there is Spring in the world.

Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white

*My window frames all the day long
A yellowbird dips in a billow of flight,
I know there is Song.*

*Because even here in this Mansion of Woe
Where creep the dull hours, leaden-shod,
Compassion and Tenderness aid me, I know
There is God.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN in "Death and General Putnam"

"I can say three things of Lord Rosebery," says Mr. Gladstone. "First, he is one of the ablest men I have known; second, he is of the highest honor and probity; third, I do not know whether he really has common sense."



WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH



BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE

Our Dumb Animals

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Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprise any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope* with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Christmas Toys

IT is greatly encouraging to see that in the leading department stores in Boston there is scarcely any mention of lead soldiers, guns, cannon and other toys suggesting war. The emphasis in the advertising, so far as we have discovered, is entirely upon games, musical instruments and other attractive mechanical toys. The great Parent Teacher Association and all other peace-loving organizations will be glad to see their protests against whatever might foster the war spirit have not been in vain.

The Compartment Heart

Is there such a thing? We doubt it. Can you have a part of your inmost self shut up, locked and sealed against the cry for help to lessen pain, or to make lighter some weary load; and another part of your real self where the door stands open wide and out of which flow love and sympathy and all generous response to need? Isn't it true that if you are really generous and kind you are bound to show it in all you do?

Who contribute to the work of our two Societies? Oh, not just the people who are fond of animals. With scarcely an exception the names of those who give to us you will find among the lists contributing to the needs of little children, the sick, the blind, the aged, the deaf, the crippled. When one says, "I have no money for animals, I'm interested in children," it's pretty safe to say that the children fare none too well at the hands of such.

The Big Game Hunter

A native of Africa, among those with whom David Livingstone lived and worked, once said of the big game hunter, "Have these hunters, who come from so far and work so hard, no meat at home? Why, these men are rich and could slaughter oxen every day of their lives. And yet they come here and endure so much thirst for the sake of this dry meat, none of which is equal to beef."

It seemed strange to these natives that anyone should want to kill animals unless he needed their meat for food.

Dog Racing in Florida

THE county of Volusia in that State gave this so-called sport in a recent election a very black eye. Dog racing means, above all else, the opportunity to gamble. The vote in the County showed 5,717 votes against and only 2,119 for it. Only five small precincts favored the wretched business. Wholly apart from the cruelties involved in the training of the racing dogs, these gambling places draw hundreds of thousands of dollars, mostly from working people, as they are generally held at night when so many at work through the day are able to attend.

Intuition of Animals

From *Le Defenseur des Animaux*, Paris, we take the following:

"The British Medical Association, with headquarters at Oxford, has just had a communication from Sir Henry T. Holland, Chief of the Missionary Hospital of Quetta, relative to the phenomenal intuition observed in dogs just preceding an earthquake which ruined that city. It says the dog of an officer awakened him by furious barking 32 minutes before the catastrophe happened and drew him to the garden just as his house collapsed. Two other dogs did the same thing, really pulling their masters out of bed."

Many in this country will remember that just preceding the earthquake some years ago in Charleston, South Carolina, the horses became greatly excited, even so rearing in their stables as to place their feet in their mangers.

The Birthday Present—a Gun

And this is what it meant:

Robert Reilly, 4, of Longwood street place, Charlestown, died last night at the Haymarket Relief Hospital after he had been shot accidentally by his uncle, William Hanson, 14, of the same address.

The two boys were in the cellar of their home shooting at cardboard boxes with a .22 calibre shotgun given Hanson on his birthday three months ago. The gun went off accidentally and young Reilly was shot in the forehead.

The 14-year-old uncle took fright after the accident and ran away, but he appeared in tears at the hospital to ask after Reilly. He was questioned by the police and let go. —*The Boston Herald*, Nov. 30, 1936

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

From an English Writer

71, Nassau Road, Barnes, S.W.13
4th November, 1936

Dear Sir:

I want to write and congratulate you and the writer on the excellent article "How to Meet Dogs," by William H. Spence, in the September number of *Our Dumb Animals*.

I have never before seen any advice given to people on how to meet strange dogs, and I think you may be interested to hear my own experience in support of Mr. Spence's statement that "the woman was evidently wise to dogs."

I was once working on a farm in a wild part of Dorset, and had to visit a neighboring but isolated farm some eight miles distant, where I had never before been. On opening the gate into the field that led to the house, six or seven large dogs rushed upon me from all directions, barking loudly. They looked formidable and I stood quite still, and for perhaps half a minute, they barked and leaped around me in a group. I did not move my hands, but spoke softly, and in a few seconds the note of the barking suddenly changed from the wild, rather aggressive bark, to a more plaintive and welcoming sound. This continued for a moment and they began to separate and run back to the house still uttering this welcoming yap. I walked forward, and then the woman of the house (whom I had never met) opened the door and called to me, saying, "I knew it must be a friend by the change in the note of the dogs' barking."

This little incident proves once again what Mr. Spence has said, that if fierce strange dogs can be shown by your actions that you do not mean either aggression or violence to them or to property, they immediately realize you are a person who should be allowed to proceed.

I do not know whether your Society has any handbill based on Mr. Spence's article, but I feel that it might be very useful in country places if a short statement, perhaps including my own experience, could be made for use in outlying districts where many dogs are kept.

Wishing every success to your excellent paper,

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) SPEEDWELL MASSINGHAM

An Active Far-Eastern Society

The Chosen S. P. C. A. has issued its twelfth annual report, which occupies several columns in the *Seoul Press*. Its record is a highly creditable one. A brief summary of its past year's work includes the observance of a "Kindness to Animals Day" on May 5, when tents were erected in suitable places and more than 300 horses and oxen were treated by the assistance of military farriers. Over 300 warnings, also, were given to those who ill-treated their animals. With the co-operation of the police 5,747 persons were admonished, 442 warned, 18 fined and 24 sent to prison. It is the aim of this Society to organize branches in all the cities of the Chosen peninsula.

Jan. 1937

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Page 9



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1863

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation

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Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Longwood 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer

HARRY L. ALLEN DAVID A. BOLTON

HARVEY R. FULLER HOWARD WILLARD

County Prosecuting Officers

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Middlesex, Norfolk and Plymouth

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HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket

T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Berkshire

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Taunton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. HOWARD F. WOODWARD, Pres.; MRS. THOS. H. CASWELL, Sec.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. HARRY COLE, Treas.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; CAPT. WILLIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY
AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,523
Cases investigated	411
Animals examined	6,530
Animals placed in homes	59
Lost animals restored to owners	28
Number of prosecutions	8
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	11
Horses humanely put to sleep	55
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,147
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	71,046
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	28

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Bessie C. Niles of Springfield, and L. Waldo Smith of Brookline.

December 8, 1936.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL
and Dispensary for Animals
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
Veterinarians
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.
H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER
Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered	861
Dogs	692
Cats	160
Birds	7
Horse	1
Rabbit	1
Operations	892
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	144,805
Dispensary Cases	352,107
Total	496,912

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	131
Cases entered in Dispensary	512
Operations	176

Increase in Child Labor

The National Child Labor Committee reports that few advances in the curbing of employment of children through legislation have been made, but the greatest tragedy is the obtuse attitude of the American public generally and its willingness to accept and cover up the increased use of children under 15 years of age in industry by blaming it on better times.

"Bingo"

All lovers of dogs who know that for them, as a rule, the fourteenth year is about what the three score and ten means for the masters of dogs will be interested to know that "Bingo," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Power of Cambridge, Mass., lived to be nearly 18 years of age, and up until very nearly the end was in excellent health and from friends and neighbors, including children, received congratulations on his seventeenth birthday.

The Sioux City, Iowa, Humane Society, with its very excellent annual report, sends out a blotter with these very clever lines:

"Be kind to all dumb animals,
And give the birds a crumb,
Be kind to human beings, too,
They're sometimes rather dumb."

In making your will, please remember
the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals.

Another Successful Fair

ONE of the largest attended and most successful Fairs yet held by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. took place on Wednesday, December 2, at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The entire second floor, including all the executive offices, the mailing room, and the spacious corridors, were given over to the festive activities. There were displays of alluring merchandise in an atmosphere suggesting the approaching holidays, with gaily decorated walls and tables, with the lunch room at one end and the popular bridge at the other end, side entrances leading to the apartment of the seresses and to a veritable Noah's Ark where miniature animals were on sale.

Among the gift-laden tables were the following: Flowers: Mrs. Francis Carreiro, chairman, Mrs. Albert T. Galpin, Mrs. Edward K. Bennett, and Mrs. Sally Hillman. Candy: Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Miss Alice Rowley, Mrs. Esmond Rowley, Mrs. A. L. Risley. Food: Mrs. Herbert Prescott, chairman, Miss Marion Simpson, Mrs. William W. Haswell. Miscellaneous: Mrs. Alexandra Husbands, chairman, Mrs. Christine N. Walker, Mrs. Guy Richardson. White Elephant: Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Miss Effie M. Lynch.

The mid-day lunch, served to a large number of the guests, was in charge of Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, assisted by Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, Mrs. Mitchell Allen, Miss Wealthie Strauss and Miss Doris L. Greenlaw. The afternoon bridge, which was so largely attended that it required two large rooms, was directed by Mrs. John J. Jennings, assisted by Mrs. William J. McDonald, Mrs. Albert Lind, Mrs. Edward K. Bennett, Mrs. Sally Hillman, Mrs. David Theall, Miss B. A. Bardin, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. A. T. Galpin, and Mrs. F. H. Young.

Afternoon tea was served to all, supervised by Mrs. Frank R. Fayerweather, assisted by Mrs. George W. Bentley, Jr., Miss Eleanor Fayerweather and Mrs. Frank Wilkinson. Among their helpers were Miss Jean Carpenter, Miss Betty Scudder, Miss Betty Firuski, Miss Sally Scudder, Miss Betty Bell, Mrs. Trask H. Wilkinson, Miss Katharine Day, Miss Betty Prescott, and Miss Louise English.

The general decorations were in charge of Mrs. John A. Dykeman, the seresses of Mrs. Frank Towne, the "grab" of Mrs. W. C. Bliss, and "Noah's Ark" of Miss Ruth Dailey.

Too much cannot be said of the effective work of the president of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, who, recently recovered from a long illness, assumed the duties of general chairman. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlbert, first vice-president; Mrs. John A. Jennings, second vice-president; Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, recording secretary; Mrs. C. C. Hoyt, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Harry T. Cole, treasurer; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman work committee; and Mrs. Charles Staniek, chairman ways and means.

To all who participated in any way, including the many friends who sent gifts or cash contributions, the officers of the Auxiliary wish to extend their sincere thanks.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff Australia

Luis Pareja Cornejo Ecuador

Charles A. Williams France

Leonard T. Hawksley Italy

Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobe Japan

Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton Madeira

Dr. A. T. Ishkanian Mexico

Luther Parker Philippine Islands

Joaquin Julia Spain

Mrs. Alice W. Manning Turkey

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California

Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California

Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington

James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia

Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas

Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia

Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia

Miss Lucy F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois

Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1936

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 735

Number of addresses made, 382

Number of persons in audiences, 62,195

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

Annual Poster Contest

A N entirely new and original design, showing a child and an animal, on a shield bordered with red, characterizes the new bronze medals being manufactured exclusively for prizes in the annual school poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Medals with blue ribbons are offered as first prizes; those with red ribbons, as second prizes; and annual subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mention. That these prizes are distributed liberally through all the competing schools is proved by the fact that last season, when 7,172 posters were entered by pupils representing 520 schools in 176 different cities and towns, there were 1,040 first awards, 1,142 second, and 1,368 honorable mentions.

1. The contest is open to pupils in grammar grades above the third and in junior high and high schools—both public and parochial—in Massachusetts only, and closes positively on March 20, 1936, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17. During that week many of the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Fine Arts Department of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection from all that are made under their direction.

3. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

4. DRAWINGS, ON LIGHT CARDBOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES and should be SHIPPED FLAT (*never rolled*), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. not later than March 20, 1936. It will be to the advantage of contestants to send posters as much earlier than this as possible.

5. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written legibly the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of the teacher. Use white ink or paste a white slip with names and addresses when dark cardboard or paper is used.

6. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned *only* if request is made at time of sending and *return postage* enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

7. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston, Mass.

Beloved One

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*Three dogs there were and my horse,
And we all traveled far;
By the morning sun we set our course,
And by the evening star.*

*We followed long and lonely trails,
The land was sweet and wide . . .
And then the little golden dog
Whimpered once and died.*

*The little golden dog we loved,
Who danced in the sun;
Whimpered once and stretched herself . . .
Oh, beloved one!*

*The eager gypsy soul of her
Had strayed so far away,
We could not find her should we search
Forever and a day.*

*I thought she must be grieving
Wherever she may be,
Longing for the other dogs,
The friendly horse and me.*

*And now when I am traveling
Along a lonely trail,
I dream a little golden dog,
With joyous wagging tail.*

*The while my heart is crying for
My beloved one,
I dream a little golden dog
Dancing in the sun!*

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for October, 1936 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	57.7
Forage for same	5119.28
Put to sleep	86 23.85
Transportation	18.30
Daily average dogs	*10.1
Forage for same	7.35
Wages, grooms, watchman and stable-boys	52.53
Superintendent's salary	81.72
Veterinary's salary	21.01
Motor ambulance upkeep	7.49
Motor bicycle upkeep	6.57
Sundries	46.59
Actual operating expenses	\$384.69
Building account	71.94
Building upkeep account	32.69
	849.32

Entries: 15 horses, 17 mules, 119 donkeys.

Exits: 6 horses, 6 mules, 66 donkeys.

Outpatients treated: 4 cats, 56 horses, 71 mules,

70 donkeys, 2 cows, 5 dogs.

Other fondous visited: (70, all native fondous).

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 342 cases investigated, 7,829 animals seen, 1,209 animals treated, 70 animals transferred to fondouk Americain, 10 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

*The Police Dept. of the Ville Nouvelle promise definitely the New Pound by July 1, 1937.

ONE DAY'S WORK

Friday 16th. 7.30 Fondouk. Usual work of treating animals. 9:00 Vet. visit. Dr. Bouguereau reported all going on well. At my request he went to the Police and made a complaint against the knacker whose work is now too irregular. Every morning we treat as outpatient the horse of the Sultan's uncle, the Khalifa Sid el Mamoun, wounded on left hind leg. Painter working at the roof and new operating stall. P. M. 2:30. Casbat ben Cebbab. Visited 7 stables, inspected 53 animals, treated 13, sent one horse to Hospital. Returned Fondouk by Tour de Fez. Police of Bab Ftouh sent 1 mule and 1 donkey to Hospital. Animals in Hospital: 60.

G. DELON, Superintendent

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

The Empty Stall

— And all is silence. . . .
But still I hear
The eager nicker,
So good—so dear—

The restless pounding
Of hoofs that wait
For me to saddle,
And lift the gate.

And still I linger
To say good-night
The while she holds me
With glad delight; —

And I feel her muzzle
Against my face—
And stroke her neck
In the same warm place. . . .

Though the stall is vacant
And quiet and bare
A bit of my heart
Is anchored there.

LEONE RICE GRELLE in *New York Times*

Humane Trap Contest

For the tenth consecutive year the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y., announces the annual humane trap contest. Prizes totaling \$500 are offered. These are awarded in three groups. For the two best traps for taking animals alive and unhurt, \$150 and \$75 are offered. Prizes in the second group are \$100 and \$50 for traps that hold without injury, and, in the third group, \$85 and \$40 for traps that kill humanely.

Entries in the contest must be humane, practical, efficient and reasonable in production cost. Write to the Association for entry blank and contest announcement.



"THE HORSE WILL PROBABLY CONTINUE TO SHARE IN HUMAN HISTORY"

Horses and History

AMOST interesting article under the above title appeared in the November issue of *Natural History*. It was written by George Gaylord Simpson, Ph.D., associate curator, Vertebrate Paleontology Museum. We are glad, for the sake of all horse lovers, to be permitted to reproduce a part of it. We wish we had room for all of it. He began with the following quotation from Shakespeare:

"When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes . . . his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage."

Before the dawn of history the thunder of flying hooves sounded among the green valleys of Gaul, across the broad steppes of the Volga, and the Caspian, and over the plateaus and the deserts of Tartary. That ancient singing of hooves, like the clash of distant cymbals, was to mingle with the voices of men and to go echoing down the long corridors of history. Indeed it was to be history, for the horse was to carry on his back the fates of nations and the hopes of civilization. When, in the course of our rise in wonder and in pain from our brute ancestors, primitive man first crept silently along shaded paths stalking dun and shaggy wild ponies, he created a partnership that was to help shape the destinies of both man and beast forever after. Hawk-like Arabs, fierce Tatars, mailclad chevaliers, little yellow men and lean red men, innumerable hosts, were to woo the horse and to live with him and by him. . . .

Domestication

There is, however, no conclusive evidence that the men of the Stone Ages ever domesticated the horse, although their use of horses as food and their keen interest and observation may properly be considered as the first step that was to lead to domestication. When and where domestication first took place, or indeed whether it did not occur at more than one time and more than one place, may never be exactly known, but we may infer that it was probably somewhere in Central Asia and around 4,000 B. C. Horses first appear in regular written history between 2,000 and 1,500 B. C. . . .

Greek paintings of about 600 B. C. show the Libyans, both men and women, riding astride, bareback and nude. In these paintings the horses have bridles. Later authors describe naked Numidians on unbridled horses.

In Greek Art

The best horses of the Greeks are portrayed in the sculptures executed by Phidias for the Parthenon. Whatever one may think of

this more practical aspect of the matter, the Greeks must have loved horses and these sculptures are among the most beautiful things ever created by the hands of man. Their lovely, simple lines, in rich and flawless texture, their sure achievement, and their lively and sometimes almost humorous spirit are all incomparably fine. Had horses never done anything for man but to serve as models for these works of art, they would yet deserve an honorable place in the history of the human soul. . . .

A Sign of Rank

It is a curious fact that while horses were playing a dominant part in the ancient history of the Mediterranean, the Arabian horse, which was to become the most famous and important in the world, did not yet exist as such. There is no evidence that the Arabs or allied Semitic tribes had any horses before the Christian era, although they already had camels. During the first few centuries before Christ, no one knows exactly when or how, some particularly potent strains of horses were introduced among the Arabs. These animals were for a long time few in number and their possession was confined to a few prominent men or families, but the stock was carefully perpetuated and increased so that by the time of Mohammed the Arabs had acquired great skill as horsemen and also a stock of phenomenally fine horses.

It would be difficult to overemphasize the historical importance of these Arabian horses. . . .

"The air and gracefulness of sitting a Horse," says Don Quixote, "makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others," and so it has been throughout most of European history. From the Hippaeis of ancient Greece to the Chevalier, Caballero, or Cavalier of today, the man on the horse is the gentleman, the aristocrat. There is no probability that the horse will ever lose his usefulness entirely, and if he did, yet he would still be cherished as a friend and as a source of pleasure. The horse will probably continue to have some share in human history as long as that history is made.

Woodchucks

As I write this I am fully aware of the fact that the woodchuck is not popular with farmers. However, he has some traits that should entitle him to consideration. He does eat some corn while it is green but after it gets ripe he will not bother it. The main food of woodchucks is roots and vegetable stuff. He does not eat meat, yet he is quite a fighter. A family of woodchucks had a home under some willows near the center of a small cornfield of mine. I cut this cornfield all up into corn shocks. I noticed that shocks near the woodchuck's home were not bothered by rats and mice. The whole field had but very few of either, and this in a year when rats and mice were plentiful. The woodchuck would scorn such things as rats and mice for food yet he will destroy them and run them away from his stamping-grounds. He does not destroy one bushel of corn where rats and mice destroy a hundred. Woodchucks are a menace only when they become too numerous, and that is the case with many other animals.

W. M.

They Loved Cats

AMELIA WOFFORD

ILLUSTRIOUS names star the list of cat lovers. Let us mention a few in whose lives "the fireside Sphinx" has played an important role. George Washington had several pet cats, and stray cats that came to Mount Vernon had in him a kindly host. Monticello, too, was hospitable to cats. Of the many that lived there Thomas Jefferson chose a few for pets. Abraham Lincoln was another president who loved cats and made pets of them. Chief Justice Fuller's name is also on the list of cat lovers. And Daniel Webster is said to have been so fond of cats that he kept a "whole regiment" about him when he lived in Washington.

England boasts a long list of distinguished cat lovers. Cardinal Wolsey kept his pet cat by him when giving audience. Blackstone, England's celebrated jurist, wrote his "Commentaries on the Laws of England" with his pet cat sitting beside him. Dr. Johnson so loved his pet cat "Hodge," that he purchased the oysters which he had taught him to eat, for fear the servants might mistreat him if they were sent on this errand. Lord Chesterfield provided in his will for the care of his cats after his death. Pope is said to have "shown the best side of his character" to his cats. Hogarth, England's famous painter and engraver, was very partial to cats. At Chiswick he had a garden where he buried his pets and set up tablets in their memory. Sir Horace Walpole was another cat lover. And so were Thomas Campbell, Cowper, Kingsley, Tennyson and Thackeray.

Chateaubriand's name makes notable France's list of cat lovers. He loved cats, he said, for their independence and the ease with which they passed from the parlor to the gutter. His life in London, for a time during the French Revolution, was somewhat cheered by two kittens, "white like ermines, with black at the tips of their tails." When secretary of Legation at Rome, an appointment he owed to Napoleon Bonaparte, Pope Leo XII, knowing his love of cats, presented him with one. Cardinal Richelieu kept kittens in his cabinet and diverted himself by watching their play. Michelet the historian loved cats, including even the deformed, and guarded them against ill-treatment. Lamartine the poet, loved cats and flowers, and had regular hours for enjoying them. Theophile Gautier, poet, critic, and novelist, made companions of his cats. They were of the honored who have place in their master's writings. And charming stories he told of them. Pierre Loti also wrote tenderly of cats. Marshall Turenne, whose brilliant victories added lustre to Louis XIV's reign, was another cat lover. A favorite amusement was playing with his kittens.

Handel's name stars the list of cat lovers; and so do Tasso's, Petrarch's, Dante's, and Mahomet's. An incredible tale is told of Camoens, Portugal's poet, and his cat. Without the means to buy a candle, the legend runs that he wrote the "Lusiads" by the light of its eyes.

Scotland's notable contribution to the list of cat lovers is Sir Walter Scott. His par-

ticular pet was "Hinse." When "Nimrod," one of his dogs, killed this cat, Scott exclaimed, from his heart: "Oh, my good friend, you have killed my other good friend."



"MIKE" OF THE BRONX

"My name is 'Mickey Mouse.' They call me Mike. I just love the country where I was born, but I was deserted by all and was to have been shot when a kind owner brought me to her city home where I have a good time, too. Here I can chase butterflies and grasshoppers and, when hungry, go home and get all the 'eats' I want."

Stranger

MAY GIBSON SHERBAKOFF

*I have no idea whence you came,
Young, gray cat, but you were lame,
And chilling snow had numbed your feet—
When hungry eyes looked up to meet
My own in challenge, could I dare
Refuse you shelter, food and care?*

A humane boycott of all vicious and discreditable shows, featuring animal acts, was long ago suggested and urged by the Jack London Club. Send to headquarters, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for detailed information about it.

Facts about Eels

L. D. CHAPMAN

WOULD you be surprised to learn that our common fresh-water eel goes to the salt water to lay its eggs and then dies?

The eels, common in all our rivers and streams, spend their whole adult life in fresh water, only returning to their original home in the ocean to lay their eggs, and then to die. The common eel, familiar to all of us, has a remarkably wide distribution, being found on the coast and in the rivers of western Europe, and in all parts of America. In its feeding habits the eel is a regular glutton, and somewhat of a scavenger besides, its varied diet including voles, water-birds, small fish, fish spawn and worms. It is owl-like in its habits, committing many of its depredations at night.

A quarter of a century ago practically nothing was known of the breeding habits of the species. The elucidation of the mystery provided one of the most fascinating biological discoveries in recent years.

Toward autumn a number of adult fish cease to feed, lose their normal greenish color, and assume a silvery livery; at the same time the eyes become larger and other changes occur. The call of the sea seems to be all-powerful, for individuals living in remote ponds will wriggle across stretches of grassland, on damp nights, in order to reach the nearest sea-going river. Having reached the ocean, they make their way to the nearest spawning grounds, situated two or three thousand miles away in the Western Atlantic, south-east of Bermuda. Having deposited their eggs, the parents die.

The following spring the young hatch out. They are curious little creatures with flattened leaf-like bodies, small heads and jaws provided with a few long needle-like teeth. They feed on minute organisms at or near the surface of the ocean, and gradually swim or drift across the Atlantic, finally approaching the coast when a little more than two years old.

Having reached the average length of three inches, they are now ready to enter fresh water. They run up the larger rivers by the million, the ascent of the young eels taking place in the late winter or early spring. No obstacle seems too great for the migrating eels once they start on their way to the fresh water, till at last they find some suitable resting-place in some river, pond or stream, where they will remain until they themselves are old enough to set out on the great journey that will end their lives.



Draft Animals in Ireland

KADRA MAYS

WARNING: All People treating Animals cruelly break the Law and are liable to Heavy Penalties."

This is, word for word, the notice that I found posted in tiny railway stations of remote Irish towns. It gave me a fellow feeling for the Irish Humane Society and a feeling of gladness for the dumb friends which it safeguarded.

Several years ago, when going to Spain, I asked the editor of *Our Dumb Animals* for a commission to write, in short articles, my observation of the treatment of animals there. Then I became quite nervous for fear I should not do it to suit him. But I found it easy and pleasant work, because observing animals comes naturally to me. Riding in a jaunting car at Killarney, I found that admiration of lake and mountain scenery did not prevent my noticing closely the horse that drew us and the hands of our driver. In all the pageantry of Military Tattoo, at Cork, I saw that the army horses were beautiful and well cared for. No little donkey passed me on Aran, laden with grass or turf or kelp, without my seeing the condition of its tiny, rock-worn hooves. So I think that I can give you, conscientiously, my observations of animals in Ireland.

The jaunting cars were my first experience upon landing at Cobh. The horses which draw them are usually large, powerfully-built creatures, from fifteen to sixteen hands, with roached manes and tails. With few exceptions, they looked to me well-fed and well-treated. At some of the tourist-infested spots, they appeared to be working continually and to be weary; but I cannot say that I saw any case of ill-treatment. The jaunting-car, or side car, swung high on its two wheels, is best suited for steep and rocky roadwork and is easier on the horse than would be an ordinary four-wheel buggy.

For private use I saw, too, numerous governess carts drawn by fat, sturdy ponies.

But the wee donkey is, as of old, the burden bearer of Ireland. They are even smaller than the few donkeys we see in America, and their foals appear no larger than toy animals. Except for a few brown ones, all I saw were gray or beige and

were marked with a distinct dark brown cross. There is an Irish proverb about a man who was such a thief he would steal the cross off a donkey's back.

Since landing in Ireland I have seen hundreds of donkeys. I have seen them grazing in deep green fields, sheltering in the short lanes called "boreens," resting, with their tiny foals, in the high road directly in front of a motorbus. But motorbuses, like life, proceed slowly in the Emerald Isle, and their drivers always slow down for animals ahead.

These small creatures draw terrific loads of hay or grass, but their drivers always assist by personally pushing or pulling the cart. The animals are allowed to go as slowly as they choose, and I do not think they work any harder than their owners.

On the rocky, remote Aran Islands off Galway coast, I saw donkeys carrying straddles with great baskets of turf or kelp. They are ridden by men, women and children. The rider sits far back, as in Spain, putting all weight on the beast's hind legs.

These are the draft animals of the country—animals belonging to the working classes and being, themselves, obliged to work for their living. In all my weeks here, I have seen no cases of whipping or of exhaustion, of harness sores or lameness or other cruelty. I have seen numerous instances of kindness, care, and petting, of ragged children who gather baskets of grass for a donkey, of car drivers who take the trouble to unharness and let graze a horse for no matter how short a stop.

I should like to tell you of some of the Irish hunters I have seen, and of the magnificent thoroughbreds at Phoenix Park race-track in Dublin, but I realize that readers of *Our Dumb Animals* are more concerned with the humbler members of the equine family.

Night Shadow

DORIS BALTES

*I looked out on the moonlit snow
And saw a tiny shadow pass
Was it a squirrel? I didn't know,
It scampered by so fast.

But that night, safe in my own bed,
I said a little prayer
That every animal be fed
And warm within its lair.*

Oxen Rule the Roads

NELSON S. BOND

VISITORS to Nova Scotia, amused at the sight of single- and double-yoked oxen drawing carts along the highways, sometimes consider the employment of these beasts of burden a token of the "backwardness" of this maritime province.

The truth of the matter is that Canada's easternmost province is among the most progressive of neighborhoods in its legislation regarding dumb animals. In questions of traffic dispute or accident, "right-of-way" is granted the plodding workers used by the French Acadians for vehicular transportation and haulage.

Well-trained oxen are sturdy enough to stand work that would kill a horse in no time at all. They have great strength and endurance, can haul heavy loads of logs, and — most important — are sure-footed enough to labor in the roughest kind of country day after day.

In Nova Scotia the ox-yoke fits around the horns, rather than the neck of the beast. This has been demonstrated to relieve the strain on the animal's shoulders, thus leaving it comparatively rested at the end of a day's labors.

An interesting side-light on Nova Scotia's interest in the well-being of its beasts of burden is brought to light in the records of the provincial government's discussion of traffic during the war days—just before Nova Scotia abandoned the English "drive to the left" traffic rule and adopted the American style of right-hand driving.

An earnest plea was brought forth by the member from Lunenburg county, on the picturesque South Shore, that no change be made in the prevailing custom. "For years," he told his fellows, "our oxen have been accustomed to taking the left-hand side of the road. A change now would disturb their set habits and create an unnecessary hardship on these valuable beasts of burden."

A woman having the reputation of being unusually prudent stopped at a neighbor's house to borrow the use of the telephone.

She called the butcher.

"You needn't send up that five cents' worth of eat meat. The cat caught a mouse."



ON SOUTH SHORE OF NOVA SCOTIA WHERE OX-CARTS ARE USED EXTENSIVELY ON ROADS INACCESSIBLE TO AUTOMOBILES AND TOO ROCKY FOR THE LIGHTER HORSE

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and gilt badge for the president. Send to headquarters for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred and fifty-nine new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. Of these there were 258 in Illinois, 150 in Massachusetts, 122 in Maine, 107 in Georgia, 87 in South Carolina, 54 in Florida, 34 in Virginia, 27 in Newfoundland, seven each in Pennsylvania and Tennessee, and one each in India, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New York and South Dakota.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 219,969.

"Have You Forgotten?"

EARLE FRANKLIN BAKER

*Have you forgotten the names of flowers
The wet, sweet fragrance of April showers,
Or the flight of geese to lands afar—
The silvery curve of a falling star?*

*Have you forgotten your botany class
And every tree and blade of grass,
Dame Nature's fountains and crystal
streams
Where the golden sunlight slants its beams?*

*Have you forgotten the song-bird's choir
Trilling sweet music from twig and spire,
Or the graceful swan on the shady lake
With water lilies nodding in her wake?*

*Have you forgotten the tireless pace
Of wild things caged in the circus place,
How the human creatures flock in to see
The King of beasts lose his dignity?*

*If you have forgotten each bird and flower
And all the wonders of Nature's power,
Then you and God are far apart,
And cruelty hides within your heart!*

An Invaluable Almanac

That well-known Boston institution, "The Old Farmer's Almanac," has made its appearance for 1937. It contains 108 pages packed with useful information. In addition to the regular astronomical calculations and farmer's calendar there is a wealth of material, including automobile laws of the New England states, poetry by Robert Frost and others, articles by Joseph C. Lincoln and writers on special topics, recipes for housewives, detailed explanation of the Social Security Act, and a hundred and one additional features. Price, 15 cents, at book-sellers throughout New England, and elsewhere. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston.

...

Be careful in winter to see that your pets are protected from the cold.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Storks and Their Habits

LYDIA GRAHAM in "Animal Ways"

Photograph by the Author

WE had been looking for storks' nests everyday as we motored through Denmark. At last, just as we were hurrying to the ferry for Sweden, we caught sight of a nest perched on the very new roof of a modern farm-building.

These storks had made use of a large frame-work about five feet in diameter



ONE OF THE YOUNG BIRDS SQUATTED DOWN

which the owner of the farm had placed on the roof-ridge in the hope that storks would nest there, for in most European countries it is considered to bring good luck to the house if a pair of storks choose to build their nest on the roof.

When first we caught sight of the nest four birds were standing erect upon it. When full grown the white stork is four feet tall, so that they looked very big even from a hundred yards away. As we approached very carefully, making a wide circuit, in the hope of getting photographs, one of the young birds squatted down. His head just shows in the photograph here. Then the other young one was made to sit down, and the parents, a little agitated, came to the edge of the nest to see what we were doing. They looked at us with suspicion. Two snaps had just been taken when they decided that they did not like the look of us or the camera, and off they sprang from the nest, the two young birds following, wheeling in great circles in the air, till all the sky seemed full of wings.

Storks used occasionally to nest in England, but they have not done so for many years now, nor are they so plentiful in Denmark as they used to be. They seem to prefer the warmer countries of central and eastern Europe. There they are numerous, and become very fearless and tame, walking down the street, as if they were people, and on to the fish-market or harbor in the hope of picking up what is thrown away. Storks are protected in most coun-

tries of Europe. They do good service by eating harmful reptiles and by devouring offal.

They spend the winter months in Africa, both going and returning in huge flocks, sometimes as many as a thousand in one group. When they choose to make a noise the sound of their wings is terrific, but they can also fly quite silently. If they are excited they make a curious clicking sound with their beaks, like the snapping of a strong metal spring.

Storks look after their young with great devotion and tenderness; the young birds care for the old storks, not leaving them to a lonely old age. Perhaps this is the reason why they are regarded with romance and affection, and why many stories and legends have been woven about them. It certainly is fascinating to watch them, as they walk swiftly along the edge of a corn-field, with their long beaks sweeping in and out of the standing corn, searching for mice which rarely escape them, or when they stand—each bird on one leg—in a shimmering pool, looking as though they were lost in contemplation, or sound asleep, while in reality they are watching the water with one eye half open, and will pounce without fail on any unwary fish that comes their way.

Facts about the Chameleon

GRACE B. POPKINS

Do you know why the chameleon takes on the color of its surroundings? Why, at one moment it is a brilliant green, the next it may be a gray-black, or later covered with yellow spots? This is nature's way of protecting this little lizard that is so slow it would soon be exterminated by snakes and birds if it did not have the power of making itself almost invisible. These color changes are accomplished by layers of cells, containing yellow, black and red coloring, beneath its transparent skin. These cells are under the control of the nervous system.

Another unusual characteristic of this lizard is its great protruding eyes, which are entirely covered with eyelids except for a tiny, round hole, and the lids move with the constantly rolling eyes. What is still more amazing, the chameleon can roll its eyes independently in any direction, so that one eye may be looking at a fly in front of it while the other keeps watch over the animal's shoulder.

The chameleon catches its food by shooting out its tongue, like a flash of lightning, more than half the length of its body and catching insects on the sticky end.

New Bound Volumes

Bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* for 1936 contain 192 pages of reading matter, all relating to animals, with about 150 attractive illustrations. Sent, postpaid, for only one dollar to any address in the world. Early orders will be appreciated.



Talking Birds

MRS. F. H. FOSTER

IT is quite a common thing to hear parrots talk and we have often been amused at the aptness of some of their remarks. Until lately we did not know that budgerigars (budgies, as they are called) could be taught to speak.

Budgies are very similar to love birds, the pretty little birds that sit with their heads touching and, at fairs, tell fortunes by picking out a card for anyone who pays a fee. They are a little bigger and their tails are longer but we see them in all the same beautiful colors, different shades of blue, green and yellow.

In their natural state budgies live in holes in trees. In summer the mother bird lays an egg every other day and she or the male bird sits on them all the time. In a fortnight the first tiny bird comes out of its shell, and for two weeks one more appears every other day.

The parent birds have to work very hard all day bringing seeds and grubs to fill the hungry mouths. They always begin with the baby and, as their beaks are hooked like a parrot's, the mother tips the little chap on his back and, when he opens his mouth, pops the seed in.

They never make a mistake in feeding; each baby is fed in turn.

Budgies cannot learn to talk by themselves, they do not pick up words like parrots. They have to be taken from the nest when they are babies and the one who feeds them must teach them to speak.

In one instance a man took two tiny birds to his office and, to the amusement of the clerks, every two hours put the budgies on their backs so as to place a pill in each mouth, talking to them all the time. It requires great patience,

and only a great lover of birds is successful.

Budgies are fairly common in South Africa but South America is really their home. They must never be kept in small cages. A large aviary is the best place for them. Two or three times during the day they ought to be allowed to come into the house. The talking ones are so tame that they will perch on their owner's finger or on his shoulder. We cannot call them song birds, but when they are happy their chirping is quite tuneful.

The Old Year

*Behold the dying Year,
With his few locks white and thin!
His form is bent with its load of care,
And a great world's sorrow and sin.*

* * *

*Behold! a light in the east!
A ray of glory thrown!
The brave New Year comes in with a shout,
The old man dies with a groan.*

FRED LAWRENCE KNOWLES

How Many Animals?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

There are only twenty-five letters in this diagram, but how many animal names do you suppose are hidden in it? Start at some letter and move one square at a time in any direction (but you may not use the same letter twice in any one name) until you have spelled out the name of an animal. Then start at another letter (or the same one again, if you like) and spell out another animal's name. You should be able to get at least ten without much trouble. Fifteen is a very good score, but it is possible to spell the names of at least eighteen.

Correct answers will be printed next month.

1	2	3	4	5
T	R	C	B	M
6	7	8	9	10
H	A	E	I	O
11	12	13	14	15
M	Y	K	N	O
16	17	18	19	20
O	E	L	S	E
21	22	23	24	25
G	D	R	O	H

The New-Born Calf

MINA M. TITUS

*With lowered head—pain's battle won
She stands above her new-born son
And wakes him with her warming breath
From sleep of birth resembling death.
With patient tongue in mother-pride
She licks his head, his feet, his side
With loving nose she fondles him,
In his soft eyes unseeing, dim
An unawakened dream still clings
From that far land of unborn things.
The mother, weak and weary-eyed
Protects him by her shelling side.
With coaxing sounds for him to hear
She drives away his dawning fear.
Encouraged by her gentle way
He learns to stand, to eat, to play.*

*Near by, on guard, the old cow stood
In age-old joy of motherhood.*

The Black-Widow Spider

H. F. ABBOTT

RESEARCH into the origin of the appellation, black-widow, possessed by the menacing spider known to all the country, showed the great respect that the ancients had for this spider.

It is found that although this shiny black creature, which carries an hour-glass on its upper side, has been given such titles as Po-ko-moo (an Indian name), the shoe-button spider, hour-glass spider and poison spider, yet the most prevalent is that of black-widow.

Zoologists state that the name is derived from the fact that the spider not only injects a poison fluid into its prey and enemies, but has a reputation for doing away with its mate about as soon as their honeymoon is over.

The malignity of the black-widow spider was apparently well known in this country as far back as the Indian days, for by the descriptions of the spider given by the Western tribes to the early anthropologists, that is, in their phrases used to picture the effectiveness of its venom were: "A deadly poison used on the head of the hunting arrow," and, "a poison more fearful than that in the fangs of a rattle-snake."

This just goes to show that the black-widow spider was known long before America was discovered.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

A Modern Jonah

ALFRED ELDEN

AT Bailey Island, in Lower Casco Bay, on the Maine Coast, I heard one of the most interesting animal stories imaginable, one attested to by E. E. Sinnett, the postmaster; Captain Albert Smith, master of fishing schooners; Joseph Lubee, store-keeper, and many others, any one of whom will verify it. At Mackerel Cove, Lester Doughty owned "Davy" a black domestic duck. It was the bird's habit to swim around near the head of the cove where nobody supposed any harm could come to him.

One day, three years ago, two of the island youngsters were playing on a wharf. Suddenly one exclaimed, "Oh, Washie, see Davy. He's trying to dive backwards." Sure enough that was what the duck appeared to be doing. Down he would go tail first until only his head was above water, then back he would bob. It was a strange proceeding. And he was making a terrible squawking.

Just then two older lads, George W. Doughty and George W. Johnson, came along. "Something is trying to drag him down," one exclaimed. Jumping into a dory they pushed off and soon reached the spot where Davy was performing his queer antics. Lo and behold! A great monkfish, which is also called alemouth, goosefish, moliglut and other names, and which has a mouth as big as a water bucket, had poor Davy half down. The boys beat and poked him with their oars trying to make the four-foot fish release the duck. Instead it only hastened the operation and with one great gulp Davy, like Jonah in the whale story, had been swallowed!

Did that end the duck? Not yet. The boys being wise to the ways of fish knew this monkfish was a sluggish chap and would probably soon settle to the bottom and wait for his dinner to digest. So they hurriedly pushed ashore. Leaning against a building was a harpoon Captain Albert Smith had placed there upon his return from a swordfishing trip to Georges Bank. Seizing this the youngsters jumped back in to the dory and pushed off.

Doughty held the harpoon and peered down through the water. It was half tide and not more than six feet covered the flats. Johnson did the paddling. Soon Doughty spotted the fish, its tail moving gently back and forth. Getting right over it he drove the harpoon with all his might right through the mouth or great lips of the fish,

twisted the barb and lifted the prize to the surface. Both boys hoisted him in. As he lay on his back they saw the movement of poor Davy's feet inside the dirty grayish belly!

But they found they had no knife! They frantically rowed to no less than five fishing boats at anchor in the harbor before they found one. Quickly they cut the monkfish open and there sure enough was Davy. Covered with slime, eyes closed, he was a pitiful picture—but he was alive! The boys washed him off and placed him in the sun on the wharf to dry off. In an hour he was himself again! That was three years ago, and Davy is alive and well today.

His rescuers figured he had been inside the monkfish all of 15 minutes! In this connection, however, Dr. Fiore Parisi, a prominent doctor of Yarmouth, says, "There was air enough in that 40-pound fish's stomach, in all probability, so the duck could have lived nearly an hour. There are cases on record where dissection has shown that animals swallowed alive by larger creatures have lived for a long time. But I never heard of one coming back! The prompt action of the young men saved the duck's life."

Queer Things about Cats

MARGUERITE WARREN-BURRILL

Perfectly white cats are invariably deaf; they are sure to be, if they have blue eyes.

The Egyptians considered the cat a sacred animal, and usually mummified its remains.

The cats of the Isle of Man, and those of North Borneo are all tailless.

All of the mummy-cats unearthed in Egyptian tombs have red hair, due perhaps to the embalming fluids and unguents used in mummifying them.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hand and wrist.

At the end of each hair of a cat's whiskers is a bulb or nerve fibre which makes that particular hair a very delicate "feeler."

A cat's head has a regular partition wall projecting from its side, inward, which, naturalists say, is a provision against concussion of the brain.

Our Dumb Animals

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Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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